



Waiting For Forever

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Genre: Angst, Angst and Hurt/Comfort, Angst with a Happy Ending, Bill hurry up your bf is getting cold, Hurt/Comfort, M/M, Mild Blood, Mild Language, Panic Attacks, a lot of crying tbh, richie and eddie are only mentioned

Language: English

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Summary:

Stanley doesn't want to go home just yet. So he waits for Bill to come home to tell him something important.

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Author's Note:

I've seen It twice now and i still love it so i wrote a little something for one of my favorite ships. I worked really hard on it and I hope you all enjoy! :)

Stanley was walking away from the rest of the losers club. He was the first one to go, actually. As he trudged along the familiar path back to town, he recalled what he had said to the group just a few minutes ago.

"I hate you."

Of course he hadn't meant the cruel statement. Afterwards, he had smiled and lightly chuckled to his friends, indicating that their friendship was still there. Before that, Bill had picked up a shard of glass and gone around the circle, cutting each person on the palm of their hand. When it was Stan's turn to get cut, he cringed at the sting of the glass slicing his skin. A few drops of warm blood trickled down his hand. However, the pain was drowned out by the feeling of Bill's hand steadying his from underneath. It was... nice. It was an odd feeling, but it was good.

Stan continued on his way home. He looked around to see if anybody else was around. In the distance behind him, he could see two small figures side by side, most likely Richie and Eddie. Richie's parents would pay no mind to their son being gone for very long like they, sadly, never do. On the other hand, Eddie's mom would definitely go berserk on the poor kid. Thinking about his two friends reminded him of his own situation. After hosting his bar mitzvah, Stan's family was going through some problems with money. And his family, especially his father, never failed to bring it up, making Stan feel excruciatingly frustrated and guilty. The intense feelings of shame plus the recent fight with the demon clown made Stan feel extremely tired.

The sidewalk was littered with golden leaves that had fallen off of trees. Fall was approaching and Stan could already feel the cool

wind. He gazed at the scenery around him, taking in the sights of the trees and telephone poles and old houses. All these things would've been generic, but now things have changed. The events during the summer had taken a toll on him.

Stan was a sensitive kid. Not like Eddie that was terrified of germs and constantly wanted to be clean. Not like Ben that was very shy and was once friendless. And not like Bill that stuttered and was now haunted by the guilt and sadness of his dead little brother. Stan was just quiet and wanted to be safe and didn't want to be killed by creepy painting ladies. But at the end of their adventure, each kid became stronger. Eddie found out that his medicines were "gazebo's" and didn't fear illnesses as much, Ben had new friends and had actually kissed his crush, and Bill had defeated an actual demon. But Stan was still Stan. *He felt like a coward.*

Tears sprang to his eyes as he realized that he hadn't changed at all. He looked around once more, wanting to find a place to hide and cry. Then he saw a familiar sight. He was standing in front of Bill's house. The home still looked the same. Same coat of paint, same rickety porch, same garage that the losers went into to investigate where Georgie was. The appearance was similar, but the feel was different. Even just standing outside on the sidewalk, he could feel its emptiness.

All Stanley wanted right now was to feel a little less lonely, so staying at Bill's house was his best option. Bill wasn't home yet, so he would have to wait. He walked up to the little stairs that lead up to the front door and sat down on the porch. Even though summer was less than a month ago, he could feel the air getting slightly cooler. It wasn't even that cold out, but his loneliness and sad thoughts somehow made the winds chillier. It bit at his skin and fluttered across his face, making his forming tears more noticeable. With no one watching him, Stanley let the droplets escape his eyes and roll down his freckled cheeks.

He continued to wait, the minutes flying by with the wind. Stan chewed on his lips, fidgeted with his shirt, picked at his skin, anything to keep him occupied. His loneliness grew and he was starting to feel dumb.

'This is hopeless.' He thought miserably. He was about to stand up and leave when a familiar voice called his name.

"Stan?"

His voice got stuck in his throat. The face that he had been dying to see had suddenly made him nervous. Bill was standing right in front of him with a confused look on his face. Stanley stood up hastily and opened his mouth, trying desperately to find something to say.

"Oh hey, Bill" he said abruptly. "I was just, uh, waiting for you." Bill was still puzzled. "W-w-waiting for me? Why?"

"W-well my family has been pretty stressed out lately and I really don't want to deal with them right now. And I've been thinking a lot about what happened the past months and I just need someone to vent to. Also I have something I need to-". He was then cut off by Bill lightly grabbing his hand, most likely to get his attention.

"I-It's okay, Stan. Y-you can stay at my place." Stan slightly blushed at both the touch of Bill's grip as well as his sincerity. Both boys walked into the Denbrough's home.

The atmosphere of the house was certainly different. It felt lonely and vacant, partially because it was. Neither of Bill's parents were home. "Where are your parents?" Stan asked as he looked around the familiar living room. "They're staying at a family member's house. Said that staying here was too depressing for them. I told them I'd be fine s-staying on my own." Bill answered. Stan became a little relieved, glad that they could have a conversation by themselves without anyone interrupting them.

"Do you w-wanna go up to my room?" Bill asked. Stan nodded, and the two of them climbed up the stairs and went to Bill's bedroom. The room was fairly neat and clean, like it usually was. They sat down on the bed, neither of them saying anything for awhile. After wading in the awkward silence for enough time, Bill spoke up.

"S-so, um, you said y-y-you wanted to talk to me about something." Stanley had almost forgotten why he was here for. "Oh yeah, um." He didn't even know where to start.

"I know we just went through something really, *really* traumatic together, killing that clown and finding out that your brother is..." His words slowly sizzled out as he realize what he was about to say. "Well anyways, we've all been through a lot these past couple of months. And we've all grown out of it. But-" Stan glanced at Bill and saw that he was listening intently. He looked back down at his lap and twiddled his thumbs for a second, thinking. "I just don't feel any *better*."

"Well of course not!" Bill interrupted. "I-I-I mean, you-I-um we all had to face Pennywise. And it w-was p-probably the scariest thing any of us had to face! Of course we w-wouldn't feel good about it."

"N-no, not better as in good, but better as in stronger and wiser and-uh-that kind of shit!" Stan blurted. "I mean, you said it yourself. You said that we should all come back and fight it if it ever came back! But i just don't have the courage to do that all over again! I can't, I just can't! I-I..." Now the tears were falling down. '*No! No, don't cry!*' Stan screamed at himself in his head. He was rubbing his hands forcefully all over his face to stop the tears, but it didn't help. If anything it made it worse and made him look even more helpless. Helpless: that's what he was. *He was helpless.*

His chest rose and fell faster and faster. The tears were blurring his vision and he could barely see Bill reaching out to him. He saw his mouth move, but his heart pounding in his ears was too loud. It felt like he was drowning, the blood inside of him seemed to grow cold as if he was stranded in the ocean. His ugly sobs echoed in the room. "No! *NO!* I c-can't do it! I CAN'T!" He wanted someone-no, not someone-Bill. He wanted Bill to hold him and whisper calming things in his ears and tell him that he was going to be okay. He wanted him to hold his bleeding hand and wipe away his tears and-*fuck*- he wanted Bill to kiss him. On his cheeks and forehead and lips. Just to make the pain go away. "P-please..." he spat out with desperate tears.

"Stan, look at me. Just focus on me, please." Bill's gentle voice snapped Stan back to reality. "Shhh, it's okay. You're okay. Just breathe." Stan noticed how the other didn't even stutter, making him feel a little easier. The shaking boy took in deep breaths and let them out slowly. After a while, his breathing turned more even and relaxed. "Are you okay-well of course you're not okay-um, *shit*. But d-

do you need help or, uh-" Bill searched desperately for the right thing to say, but was cut off by Stan's arms latching around his thin waist. He could feel him shuddering as he buried his head into his shoulder. Billy wrapped his own arms around the other, rubbing small circles into Stan's back. They remained in that position for what felt like forever before Stan broke off the embrace. His hands remained above Bill's hips, while the other boy laid his hands on Stan's shoulders. The bedroom was ghostly-silent except for the two boys quietly breathing.

Stan gazed at Bill, admiring every his feature. How mesmerizing his blue eyes were. How perfectly his hair fell on his face. It almost made him feel guilty, but he was too entranced over how...*beautiful* he was. He was too busy staring at him the he didn't notice Bill's confused look. "S-Stan?" He tilted his head at Stan, gaining his attention.

"Oh, um, s-sorry" Stan stuttered, a little embarrassed. His eyes darted to the ground and his hands retreated to his lap. Bill continued to look at him, trying to catch his eye, but to no avail. His hand gently cupped the other boy's face and turned it towards him. For a second, Stan was startled by the surprise touch, but then calmed down when he saw Bill's sweet smile.

His heart suddenly began thumping again his ribcage and his breath was caught in his throat. His face grew overwhelming warm under Bill's touch. Without further thought, he leaned into Bill, colliding their lips together. Stan felt him flinch at first, but was then followed by the other guiding his face towards his own even more. Bill slightly opened his mouth a little to deepen the kiss. His mind swirled as Bill lightly bit his bottom lip. Stan's hands were brushing through Bill's hair while Bill traced his fingers along his cheeks. Every movement was slow and steady; each spark of touch was magnified. They continued until Stan realized he wasn't breathing and had to stop the kiss to let in some air.

Stan gasped for air as soon as they departed, still in shock at what they just did. But it didn't feel wrong. It felt absolutely perfect, like they were starved of something they both longed for. The silence between them grew deafening, so Bill spoke. "W-wow..." was all he could manage to say. Stan remained quiet, but it was then broken by him giggling and blushing, which made Bill do the same. The laughed adorably and held onto each other. It soon died down and it

left them both smiling and staring at one another.

"I can't believe we did that." Stan whispered. Bill nodded in agreement as he intertwined their fingers together. "Are you still gonna stay here tonight?" He asked, noticing how the sun outside was almost setting. "Of course!" Stan beamed. "I would stay here forever if I could."

"I would love that."

And with that, Bill placed a kiss on Stan's forehead and a few more across his cheeks. They stretched out on Bill's bed as their legs and arms tangled around each other. Stanley rested his head on Billy's chest, breathing in his scent. His fears seemed to disappear from his mind, at least for now. He didn't want to worry about what would happen in the morning when he would have to go back home, or what will happen in the following years. All he wanted was to stay here in his lover's arms and be himself. He *had* changed, and being here had made him realize that. He didn't have to wait and find out. And that's what he loved about right now.

It was that he didn't have to wait for forever.

Author's Note:

Oh boy this took *forever* to write but it was worth it. I'm planning on writing a reddie fanfic soon so look out for that. :D I'd also like to thank my friend Kelly for giving me motivation for writing this so if you're reading this Kel, ily!!